

COWBOY WESTERN

COWBOY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

WESTERN

№53

10¢



WILD BILL HICKOK



JESSE JAMES



ANNIE OAKLEY



THRILLING WESTERN ACTION WITH **WILD BILL HICKOK**.
JESSE JAMES • **ANNIE OAKLEY** AND OTHERS



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Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE
COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

*Charles
Atlas*

Awarded "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—
and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of
powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your
friends will grow bug-eyed with
wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your
shoulders—put trip-hammer power in
both your arms—make your
legs two pillars of strength?
Then just check what you
want below. I'll prove you
can get it in just 15 minutes
a day—in your own home
—or it won't cost you a
penny!

I don't care if you are
15 or 50 years old—or
how ashamed of your
present physical con-
dition you may be. I
can give you a "barrel
chest" and a vise-like
grip. I can shoot new strength
into your old backbone, exercise
those inner organs—help you
cramp your body so full of pep,
vigor and red-blooded vitality
that you won't feel there's even
"standing room" left for
weakness and that lazy
feeling. I'll wake up

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and

run down?

Always tired?

Nervous?

Lacking in con-

fidence?

Constipated?

Suffering from bad

breath?

Fat and flabby?

Do you want to lose

or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO

ABOUT IT is told

in my **FREE BOOK**

to my present superman physique! Thou-
sands of other fellows are becoming
marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give
you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop
your strength through "Dynamic Tension"
you can laugh at the artificial muscle-
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and multiply double-quick into
real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Ten-
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you. No theory—so easy! Spend
only 15 minutes a day in your
own home. From the very
start you'll be using my meth-
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most unconsciously every min-
ute of the day—walking, bend-
ing over, etc.—to **BUILD THE
MUSCLE AND VITALITY**
you want. And you'll be using
the method which many great
athletes use for keeping in con-
dition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball
and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-
Page Book. Just
Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book,
"Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over
3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it
already.) It contains 32 pages, packed
from cover to cover with actual photo-
graphs and valuable advice. Shows what
"Dynamic Tension" has done for others
answers many vital questions. Page by
page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fel-
low who wants a better build. Yet I'll
send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Jus
glancing through it
may mean the turning
point in your whole
life! Check the infor-
mation you want (in
the coupon below) and
rush it to me person-
ally. **CHARLES ATLAS,**
Dept. 325L, 115 East
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SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given
to pupil making
greatest physical
improvement in the
next 3 months.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs.
and 4¼ inches on
my chest, 3 inches
on my arms. I am
never consti-
pated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs.
and increased my
chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference!
Have put 3½
inches on my chest
(normal) and 2½
inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs.
When I started

your course I
weighed only 141.
Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are
wonderful. The first
week my arm in-
creased one inch,
my chest two
inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me
from a weakling
to a real he-man.
My chest has gone
up 6 inches. I am
a solid mass of
muscle."

—J. W., Montana

dynamo! You'll feel and look differ-
ent. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION!**" That's
the ticket! The identical natural
method that I myself developed to
change my body from the scrawny
skinny chested weakling I was at 17

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 325L

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of
Body I Want:*

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
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- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your
famous book "Everlasting Health and
Strength"—32 pages, crammed with
photographs, answers to vital health ques-
tions, and valuable advice. I understand
this book is mine to keep and sending for
it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

COWBOY WESTERN

Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues, \$1.20. Copyright 1954 by Charlton Comics Group. Designed by Al Fago Studios.

Volume I, Number 53

February, 1955

Published by Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues, \$1.20. Printed in the U.S.A.

WILD BILL HICKOK

ROY WROTE STRANGE IN HIS LETTER, LAURA. LIKE HE WAS ALL A-JITTER ABOUT MEETIN' ANN MERRILL AND AFRAID OF SOMETHIN'. IT'S UP TO US, LAURA, TO EASE THE SHOCK SOMEHOW OF ANN'S NOT BEIN' HERE.

WHEN THE CIVIL WAR WAS OVER A MAN WAS NO LESS A HERO BECAUSE HE HAD FOUGHT FOR THE CONFEDERACY. AND SO, IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN A COUPLE WAITED FOR ROY ARNOLD'S RETURN. THEY ARE LAURA MOLLET AND WILD BILL HICKOK...

I'D DO ANYTHING FOR ROY. BILL, WHY DID HE HAVE TO FALL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE LIKE HER?



ANN, ANN, ARE YOU THERE?

GOOD GRIEF, THE BOY'S BLIND! PRETEND YOU ARE ANN. TRY AND PUT IT OVER.

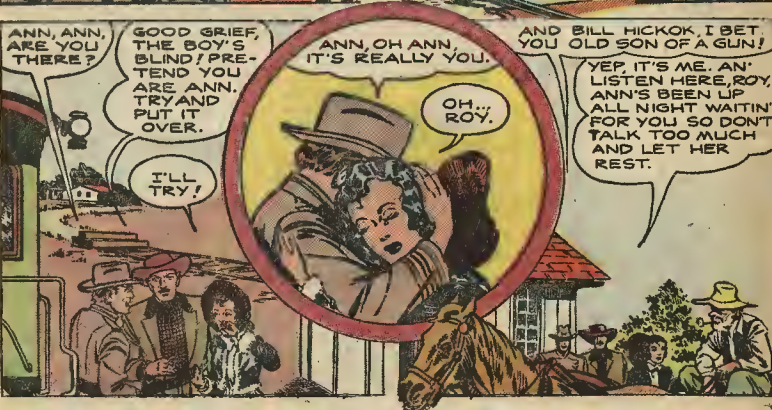
I'LL TRY!

ANN, OH ANN, IT'S REALLY YOU.

OH... ROY.

AND BILL HICKOK, I BET YOU OLD SON OF A GUN!

YEP, IT'S ME. AN' LISTEN HERE, ROY, ANN'S BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WAITIN' FOR YOU SO DON'T TALK TOO MUCH AND LET HER REST.



COWBOY WESTERN

WHY DIDN'T ANN SHOW UP, POP?

SHE WENT OFF WITH JOE DUTCHER, THE RANCH SUPER BILL. SEEM' THAT ROY TURNED HIS SPREAD OVER TO HER, IT'S SINFUL!



WHEN THE PARTY REACHED HOME...

I HOPE I CAN FIND ANN BEFORE ROY GETS ON TO OUR TRICK.

HANK CATALDO WILL KNOW. ASK HIM. HE'S FRIENDLY WITH DUTCHER, MORE THAN I LIKES TO SEE.

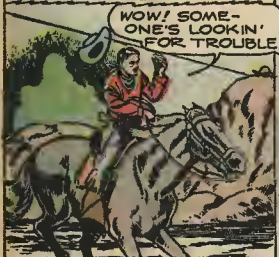


HOWDY, HANK. WOULD YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND ANN MERRILL? Y'SEE, ROY'S BACK.

YEAH, IT JUST SO HAPPENS I DO SHE HEADED OUT CANYON GULCH THIS MORN'ING.



CANYON GULCH WAS A TWO HOURS RIDE, EVEN FOR WILD BILL HICKOK'S LIGHTNING STEED, SO HE TOUCHED HIS ROWELS TO THE HORSES SIDE... WHEN SUDDENLY...



WOW! SOME-ONE'S LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE.

ONLY THING I HATE WORSE THAN A SNIPER IS TWO SNIPERS!

OW! YA GOT ME, HICKOK. DON'T FIRE NO MORE, PLEASE!



COME CLEAN, AND GIVE ME THE TRUTH!

I WAS IN CATALDO'S OFFICE WHEN YA COME, HICKOK. HE SENT ME ON A SHORT CUT AND OFFERED ME MONEY IF YA DIDN'T REACH CANYON GULCH.



YA WON'T HAVE ME STRUNG UP, WILL YA?

THAT'S UP TO THE SHERIFF, SON.



LATER AT THE OFFICE OF GEORGE RIKER, MARSHAL OF CANYON GULCH..

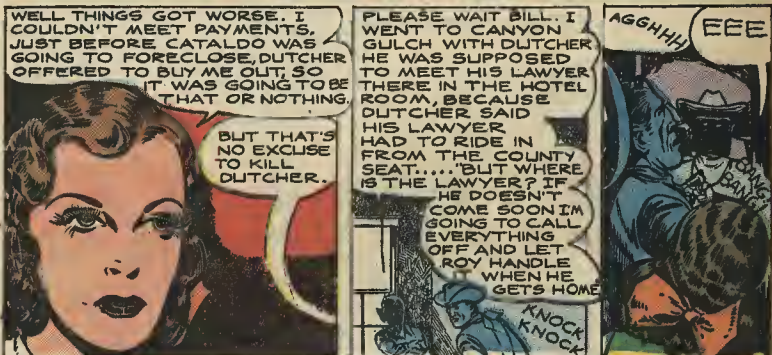
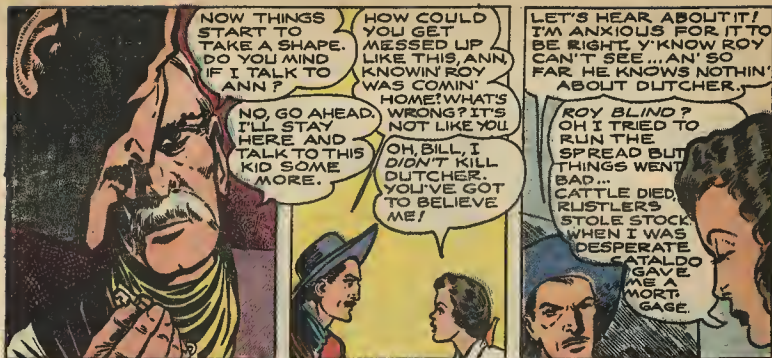
THIS KID SAYS CATALDO SENT HIM TO PUT A SLUG IN ME BLT I DON'T KNOW...

YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME! I HEARD HIM SAY HE DIDN'T WANT HICKOK TO TALK TO ANN MERRILL.

THE KID MIGHT BE RIGHT, BILL. JUST NOW I'M HOLDIN' ANN MERRILL FOR THE MURDER OF JOE DUTCHER!



COWBOY WESTERN



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MEANWHILE...

WHERE IS THAT KID? I'LL WRING HIS NECK... UH...

HANK! WILD BILL AND THE MARSHAL ARE COMIN'!



KILL 'EM!
KILL 'EM BOTH!

GOT THE MARSHAL...
NOW WE GOTTA GET...



GUNS BELCHING TILL WHITE HOT WILD BILL LETS GO WITH HIS TWO IRONS...
SUDDENLY...

HOLD IT, HICKOK. I'LL TELL YUH EVERYTHING! JEST DON'T KILL ME!



I WANTED ROY'S SPREAD AN' DUTCHER DOUBLE CROSSED ME..HAD HIM BUMPED OFF AN' FRAMED ANN MERRILL..WAS GONNA FORECLOSE MORTGAGE AN' TAKE OVER.

AT THE RANCH
FUNNY, BUT YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE ANN... YOU'RE LIKE LAURA...

OH, ROY, I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU... ANN DOESN'T LOVE YOU, AND I DO, ROY.



YOU ARE LAURA. WHERE IS ANN? OHH...

BUT, ROY, OH... ROY...!

I'M HERE, ROY, I'M HERE!



ANN, I CAN SEE YOU... THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD!

SEEING ROY'S FACE. I KNOW HE'S FOR ANN.

THAT'S OUT OF MY LINE, FOLKS. I'LL GO SEE RIKER NOW THAT HIS WOUND IS DRESSED. HE WANTS TO STRAIGHTEN THE KID OUT.



COWBOY WESTERN

JESSE JAMES

KING OF THE OUTLAWS



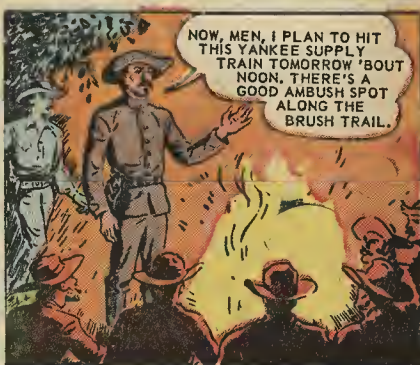
JESSE JAMES BEGAN HIS FABULOUS CAREER WHEN HE WAS ONLY SIXTEEN. HE JOINED THE CONFEDERATE ARMY!

AS A SOLDIER, YOUNG JAMES DISPLAYED COOL COURAGE, AND UNUSUAL ABILITY AT SHOOTING, WHICH LATER WAS TO MAKE HIM THE MOST FEARED OUTLAW IN THE WEST.



AH'M JESSE JAMES UP FROM CENTERVILLE. WHAR' CAN AH FIND CAP'N BILL ANDERSON HEAD A' THIS OUTFIT?

THERE'S A COUNCIL GOIN' ON. RECKON YA' BETTER GIT IN.



NOW, MEN, I PLAN TO HIT THIS YANKEE SUPPLY TRAIN TOMORROW 'BOUT NOON. THERE'S A GOOD AMBUSH SPOT ALONG THE BRUSH TRAIL.

COWBOY WESTERN

HERE'S WHAR' WE'LL PUT THE MARKSMEN, AND WHEN THAT SUPPLY TRAIN REACHES THIS 'X' WE'LL ATTACK. THE HORSEMEN WILL COME FROM ROCKS BELOW 'EM, NEAR THA' ROAD, AN' FINISH OUT THE JOB!

THE MARKSMEN WILL THEN MOUNT. AN' WE'LL ALL MAKE A QUICK AN' EFFICIENT ESCAPE. THAT'S ALL, MEN. SLEEP WELL. BE READY EARLY TOMORROW.



EARLY, NEXT MORNING...

IF THIS AIN'T THE DAD-DINGEST THING I EVER DID SEE!

SAY, IS THAT THA' STRONGEST LANGUAGE THAT RECRUIT KNOWS?



DON'T YA' KNOW THA' COLT AIN'T BEEN WEANED YIT? YA' KAIN'T EXPECT IT TA' TALK MAN-TALK YET!

RECKON HE' BEEN RAISED UP ON MAMA'S FARM!

BLUE EYES GOTTA BE KERFUL A' HIS TALK.. HA..HA.. WE'RE MIGHTY BOYS!



COM'ON, MENI LES' GIT 'EM!

YA' WITH US, DINGUS?



TAKE YOUR STATIONS, MEN. WE WILL PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN.



COWBOY WESTERN

OINGUS! HOW'D AH EVER DESERVE THIS. AH WON'T EVER GIT TA' SEE A SINGLE DNE A' THEM YANKEES UNTIL THEY'S ALL OAO. WHIST AH COULO' A BEEN A YEAR... JESTA YEAR DLOER. AH'D SHOW 'EM!



SAY, THIS HERE WATER IS RUNNIN' MUOQY DF A SUODEN. THEY'S ONLY ONE REASN' FER THEY! SDMETHIN'... 'ER SOMEONE ... IS CROSSIN' UPSTREAM!



MAYBE IT AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT AH BETTER JEST CHECK FER SURE... AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHUT KIN HAPPEN IN A WAR WITH THEM YANKS SNEAKIN' UP ON US!

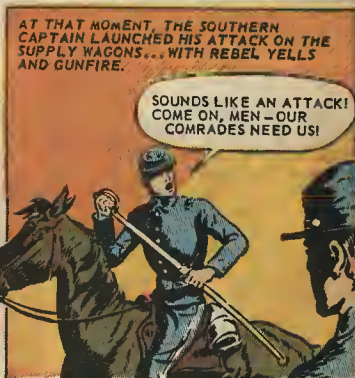


DAD-DING-IT! A LINE O' YANKEES! THEY MUS' BE HEADIN' TA' JOIN THE SUPPLY TRAIN T' OTHER SIDE A' THA' CUT!



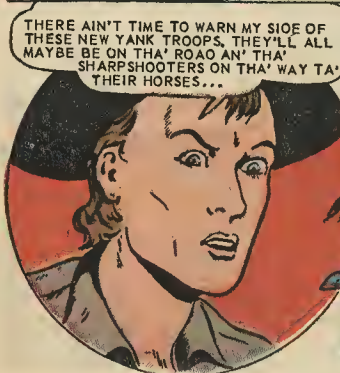
AT THAT MOMENT, THE SOUTHERN CAPTAIN LAUNCHED HIS ATTACK ON THE SUPPLY WAGONS... WITH REBEL YELLS AND GUNFIRE.

SOUNDS LIKE AN ATTACK! COME ON, MEN—OUR COMRADES NEED US!



THERE AIN'T TIME TO WARN MY SIOE OF THESE NEW YANK TROOPS, THEY'LL ALL MAYBE BE ON THA' ROAO AN' THA' SHARPSHOOTERS ON THA' WAY TA' THEIR HORSES...

THEY'LL BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE AN'... AH JEST GOTTA DO SDMETHIN' MA' SELF, AN OO IT QUICK! COM'ON, HOSSI!



COWBOY WESTERN

SECONDS LATER

WHDA, HOSS!
I GIT OFF
HERE!



CAREFULLY PICKING OFF ONE YANK SOLDIER AFTER THE DOTHER, JESSE THROWS THE UNIT IN A PANIC. THOSE NDT HIT ARE TURNING THEIR HORSES BACK, AWAY FRDM THE MURDEROUS FIRE DN THE LDNE, CNFEDERATE!



ALONE, JESSE IS TOO BUSY TD SEE...

HE'S ALDNE!



JUST THEN...

WELL, I DE-CLARE! I FIND
A YANKEE SOLDIER
TAKING A FANCY
TD DINGUS!



GREAT GUNS, SIR!
NO YANKEE!

HEARO SHOOTIN', ANO THOUGHT WE'D
CDME OVER TA' HELP OUT. LDDKS AS
IF WE KIND A' SAVED EACH DOTHER
TODAY... YOU'RE A OANG FINE SHDT
YDURSELF, BOY, OANG FINE INDEEDI
YDU FIND YDUR DWN PRIVATE
BATTLE, TDD!



YA' GOT WHUT IT TAKES, TA'
GO A LDNG WAYS. MATTER DF
FACT, YA'RE ALREADY THERE.
IT'LL BE A MAN'S SHARE OF TH'
FIGHTIN' YOU'LL OO...
'OFFICIAL'... FER YDU FRDM
NDW ON, CDRPORAL DINGUS!



COWBOY WESTERN

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW ==

"TURN OVER A NEW LEAF"

YUH HEARD ME, BASIL! IF YUH DON'T GET THESE HYAR LEAVES OUTTA HERE BEFORE MORNING, I'M AGONNA LOCK YUH UP! THEY'RE FLYING ALL OVER THE STREET!

BUT, SHERIFF, I'M WORN OUT FROM WORKING IN THE MINES ALL DAY! I CAN'T START RAKING LEAVES NOW!

THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING, LITTLE ARROW! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



WELL, YUH BETTER! THESE LEAVES HAVE GOT TUH BE OUT OF HERE BY MORNING!

O.K., SHERIFF!



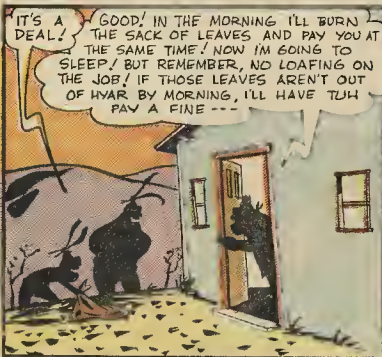
IF YOU LIKE, WE CLEAN LEAVES AWAY FOR SOME WAMPUM!

SAY, THAT WOULD BE GREAT! I'LL GIVE YUH A COUPLE OF BUCKS! ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS PUT THEM IN A SACK!



IT'S A DEAL!

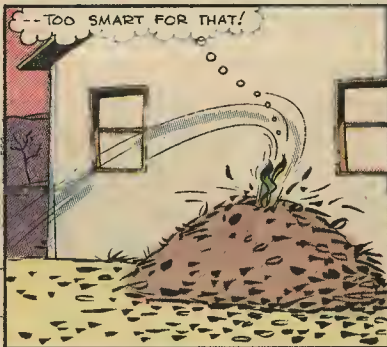
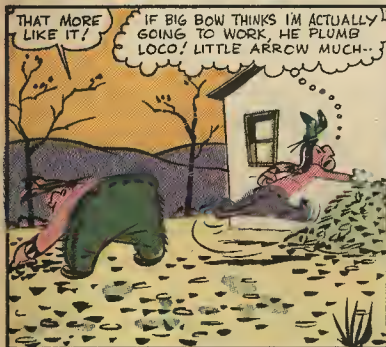
GOOD! IN THE MORNING I'LL BURN THE SACK OF LEAVES AND PAY YOU AT THE SAME TIME! NOW I'M GOING TO SLEEP! BUT REMEMBER, NO LOAFING ON THE JOB! IF THOSE LEAVES ARENT OUT OF HYAR BY MORNING, I'LL HAVE TUH PAY A FINE ---



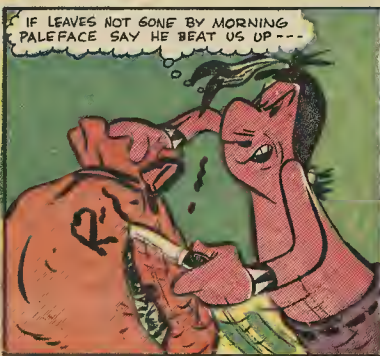
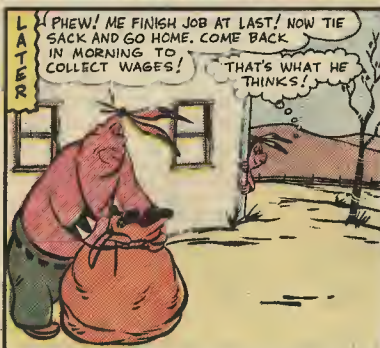
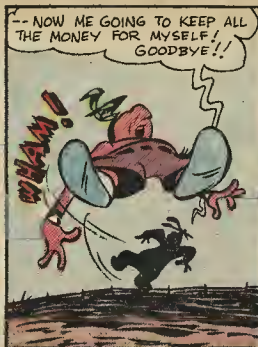
---AND YUH'LL HAVE TUH PAY FER HOSPITAL BILLS! YUH'LL HAVE THEM AFTER I GET THROUGH BEATING YUH UP!



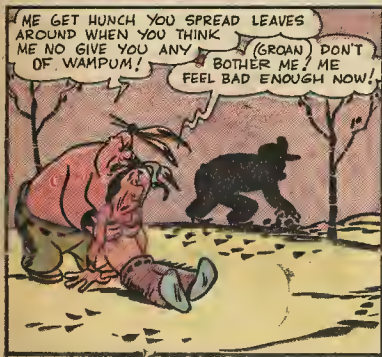
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



RODEO TERROR



ONLY ONCE BEFORE had Red Roan been captured—and that was after the great wild stallion had been mauled by a bear, and was unable to flee to safety!

This time, Red Roan had been cunningly trapped, driven into a cul-de-sac by a party of determined wild horse hunters. It had taken the hard-riding cowboys more than an hour after that to round him up in a pocket of the arroyo—and after that many fruitless efforts before they finally put their ropes on him. At last, however, the scarlet stallion was a prisoner . . . held by half a dozen taut lariats . . . his ears flattened back, his eyes rolling wildly.

"What do yuh plan to do with the roan?" a grizzled cowboy asked Sledge Marsden.

The big rodeo owner slowly rolled a cigarette, his eyes considering the wild horse king. His powerful fingers rubbed his cleft jaw before he replied.

"I'm taking him along on the rodeo circuit," Marsden answered. "Folks everywhere have heard of this horse. Red Roan, king of the wild broncs. They'll come out in droves to see him—and to ride him!"

"To ride him?" the cowboy muttered. "But he's as ornery as nitroglycerine! He won't let yuh near him!"

"That's right!" Sledge Marsden agreed. "So I'll be safe in putting up a \$500 reward . . . to the rider that can stick with him! Folks'll show up from fifty miles around to see what happens. Red Roan'll be a sensation! I'll call him The Rodeo Terror!"

That was the way it started.

Marsden joined his rodeo at Butte City, with Red Roan hobbled in a trailer. At Butte City, he put up huge display posters advertising \$500 for the man who could ride his new horse, The Rodeo Terror! A big crowd turned out the first afternoon. When the first rider to drop from the chute onto Red Roan got bucked off in three seconds, they roared thunderously!

"Worse than a cage o' wildcats!"

"Nobody'll stick on that big red hoss!"

For the remainder of the Butte City show, the Marsden Rodeo played to a full house every day! But what the customers came to see was the new red bucking bronc—The Rodeo Terror—that no man could ride!

When the rodeo hit Lamar, and Prairie and Indiantown, crowds lined the street for the rodeo parade. When it came time for

the local riders to challenge Marsden's prize bucking horse, the excitement grew. But always the story was the same.

No rider could stay on Red Roan for the required ten seconds.

For, coupled with his natural fury and strength, his speed and agility, Red Roan had now learned cunning. When he found riders dropping down on him who had legs of steel, who seemed to stick to him like glue, the wild horse learned new tricks to buck them off. He learned to sunfish, to hump his back so it seemed to form an upside-down V, to slam furiously against the board fences of the rodeo arena, even to fling himself on the ground so that the frightened rider would be forced to jump clear!

Along with these tricks, the scarlet stallion learned hatred for the first time.

He hated the spurring, hard-handed stubborn riders who were determined to stay on him—and whom he bucked off every time. But more than them, he detested big Sledge Marsden, the man who held him captive. He saw Marsden's cruelty toward the rodeo stock, watched him beat other animals, and cheat other men.

Whenever Marsden came near him, Red Roan reared back, hoofs ready to lash out. The two respected and feared each other.

ONE DAY, the rodeo came to the town of Larrabee.

After the parade, Red Roan munched oats in his stall. Suddenly, he seemed to scent something familiar. It was a man-smell, but it was not hateful! The stallion's nostrils searched the air, and his great dark eyes looked through the fence rails.

There, talking to Sledge Marsden, was another man. Suddenly, Red Roan recognized him.

It was Rob Raeburn, the man who had taken the roan horse to his ranch months before when Red Roan had been crippled by the bear. He was the only human who had ever made friends with Red Roan—and who had finally released him. Red Roan whinnied softly, and his ears strained for the sound of his friend's voice.

"Marsden, I've come to collect," Raeburn was saying. "You've owed me that feed bill for the last year and I need the money now!"

Husky Marsden grinned stonily.

"Five hundred dollars, you say, eh, Rae-burn?" He shook his head. "But I always did business with you for cash! Paid you off right on the spot! I don't owe you a cent. Or leastways, you can't prove that I do!"

IT was true, Rob Raeburn reflected bitterly. He had trusted Marsden when he had supplied him with feed for his stock. He had listened to the rodeo man's plea of being unable to pay and he had not demanded any security or I.O.U.'s. Now Sledge was pretending that he owed him nothing and was refusing to pay! He clenched his fists.

But, standing a good-half head over Rob, Marsden slipped his hand toward the Colt slung at his hip. He smiled slit-eyed at the rancher. Raeburn realized that it was no use. By picking a fight with the unscrupulous rodeo man he would only get in trouble with the law . . . or worse!

Then, for the first time, he saw Red Roan standing in his stall, watching him. He heard the horse's low whinny. At that moment, he recognized Red Roan.

He turned back to Sledge Marsden, and indicated the scarlet stallion with his thumb.

"Is that your Rodeo Terror?" he asked. "The one we've been hearing so much about?"

"He's the one," Marsden said. "I'm paying \$500 to the first man to ride him ten seconds. But nobody's done it so far. Why? Do you want your neck broken? Everyone's free to take a crack at riding him!"

"I'm not much on riding wild brones," Rob Raeburn said slowly. "But . . . maybe I'll take a chance . . . just this once . . ."

IT WAS THE MORNING of the big Larrabee rodeo. A huge crowd had swarmed to the arena. They came for the trick-riding, the calf-roping, the clowns, the wild-bull-riding, but mostly they came to see the Rodeo Terror, the horse that no man could ride.

Contestant after contestant came up against the big red horse, and was flung sprawling to the arena turf. Shouting and catcalling, Larrabee had seen nothing like it!

Then, the last volunteer stepped up to the chutes.

It was slight, wiry, Rob Raeburn.

Scowling, Sledge Marsden leaned over the corral fence. "Going to take a try at him

after all?" he shouted. "I'm warning you, Raeburn, he'll snap you in half like a twig!"

The slender rancher smiled. He climbed to the top of the chute, saw the heaving, sweat-streaked body of Red Roan waiting beneath him. "Maybe he will," he said, "and maybe he won't." Carefully, speaking soothingly, his hand patting the roan horse's neck, Rob let himself down on Red Roan.

At once, whacking the stallion's rump with his rope, Sledge Marsden flung open the arena gate.

Out came Red Roan in a mighty lunge! The crowd roared. Then it suddenly grew still. For Red Roan had remembered. This man, the man on his back, was the only friend Red Roan ever had—the only human he had ever trusted! Trembling, ears still back, Red Roan stopped bucking, skidded to a gentle walk, and then stood still in the center of the arena.

The seconds ticked away as the crowd watched in amazement.

From the fence, Sledge Marsden shouted furiously, "Buck, blast yuh! BUCK!"

But Red Roan stood stock still. In a few moments, the buzzer sounded, and the crowd roared tumultuously. For, however it had happened, Rob Raeburn was the first man to have stayed on The Rodeo Terror for ten seconds—and he won a prize of \$500. They cheered uproariously as the scowling Marsden paid the young rancher off in the center of the arena.

SLEDGE MARSDEN never knew just how it happened. Nor did he ever exactly know how Red Roan escaped that night. He was sure that he had locked the scarlet stallion up securely in his stall. But, when morning came, the gate hung open, and Red Roan had disappeared. His tracks led straight toward the desert sand, toward the hills where his wild horse herd waited.

No one else ever knew how the great horse had escaped. No one, that is, unless you include the stallion himself—or a certain young rancher whose initials were the same as Red Roan's.

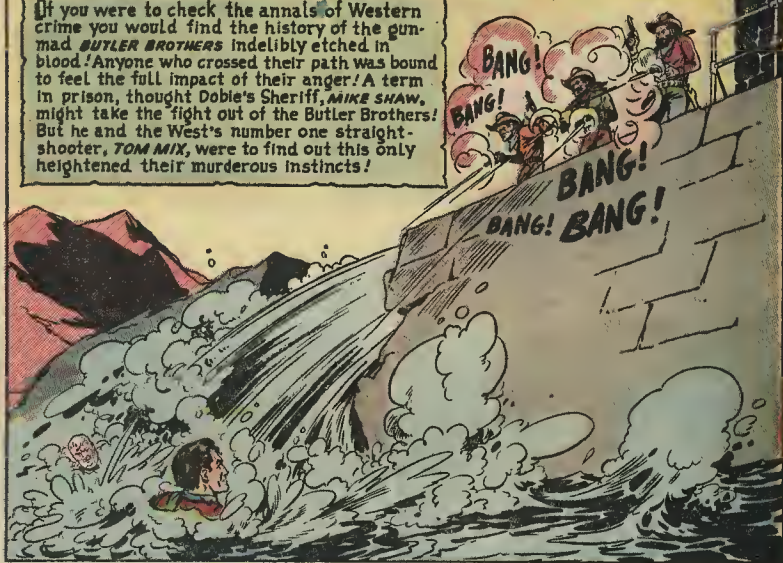
To Rob Raeburn — "A bargain was a bargain!"

THE END

TOM MIX

and the
**INFAMOUS
REVENGE**

If you were to check the annals of Western crime you would find the history of the gun-mad **BUTLER BROTHERS** indelibly etched in blood. Anyone who crossed their path was bound to feel the full impact of their anger! A term in prison, thought Dobie's Sheriff, **MIKE SHAW**, might take the fight out of the Butler Brothers! But he and the West's number one straight-shooter, **TOM MIX**, were to find out this only heightened their murderous instincts!



AT THE DOBIE JAILHOUSE...

I'M RELEASING YUH
THREE BUTLER BROTHERS!
I HOPE TWO YEARS IN JAIL
TAUGHT YUH A LESSON
THAT CRIME
DOESN'T PAY!

WHEN YUH
LOCKED US UP,
SHERIFF, I TOLD
YUH IT WUZ GONNA
BE THE SORRIEST DAY
IN YORE LIFE! WAL,
I'M REPEATING IT
NOW!



YOU FELLOWS HAVE THE WRONG ATTITUDE!
WHY DON'T YOU GET WISE TO YOURSELVES
AND GO STRAIGHT?

WE'VE GOT ONLY
ONE THING TO SAY
TO YUH, MIX---
MIND YORE OWN
BUSINESS!

DEPT. OF CORRECTIONS
**DOBIE
JAILHOUSE**

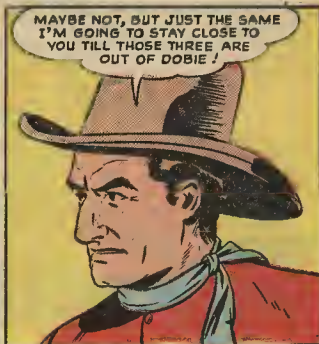


COWBOY WESTERN

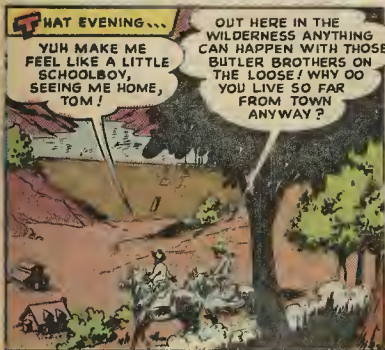


YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, MIKE! THOSE THREE CRITTERS ARE LIABLE TO DO ANYTHING TO GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR LOCKING THEM UP! THOSE TWO YEARS IN PRISON ONLY MADE THEM MORE EMBITTERED THAN EVER!

AW, THEY'RE JUST SHOOTING OFF THEIR TOPS! THAR'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!



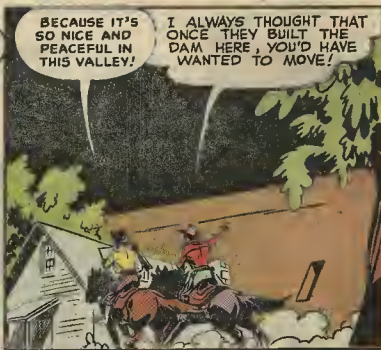
MAYBE NOT, BUT JUST THE SAME I'M GOING TO STAY CLOSE TO YOU TILL THOSE THREE ARE OUT OF DOBIE!



WHAT EVENING...

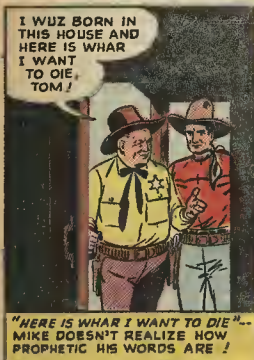
YUH MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A LITTLE SCHOOLBOY, SEEING ME HOME, TOM!

OUT HERE IN THE WILDERNESS ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WITH THOSE BUTLER BROTHERS ON THE LOOSE! WHY DO YOU LIVE SO FAR FROM TOWN ANYWAY?



BECAUSE IT'S SO NICE AND PEACEFUL IN THIS VALLEY!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT ONCE THEY BUILT THE DAM HERE, YOU'D HAVE WANTED TO MOVE!



I WUZ BORN IN THIS HOUSE AND HERE IS WHAR I WANT TO OIE, TOM!

"HERE IS WHAR I WANT TO DIE"--MIKE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW PROPHETIC HIS WORDS ARE!

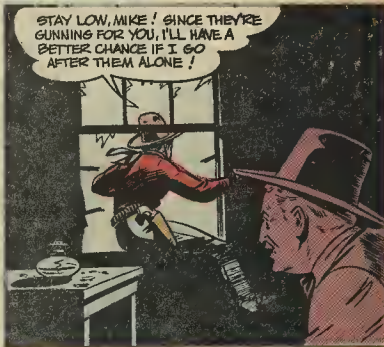
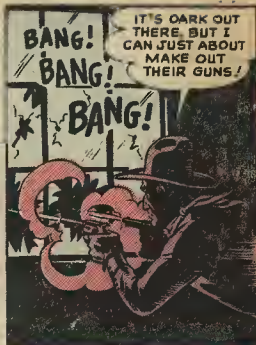


AS SOON AS THEY CLOSE THE DOOR WE KIN START SHOOTING!

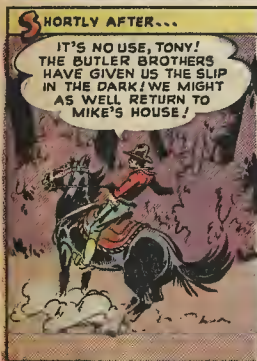
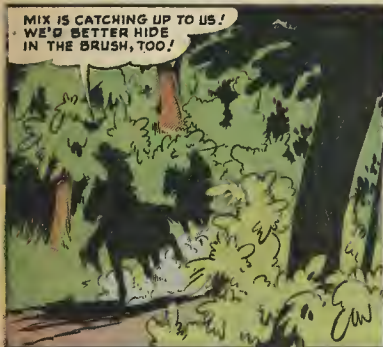
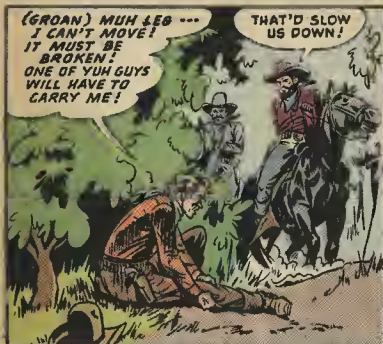


SINCE YUH CAME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE, TOM, YUH MIGHT AS WELL STAY AND HAVE A BITE TO EAT WITH ME! I'LL RUSTLE UP SOME CHOW!

COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

I'LL GET YOU TO A DOCTOR LATER! RIGHT NOW I'LL SET YOUR LEG SO AS TO RELIEVE THE PAIN!

THANKS, MIK! I'LL TELL YUH EVERYTHING! IT'LL SERVE MUH BROTHERS RIGHT FER LEAVING ME HERE!



DICK AND FRED HAVE RIDDEN BACK TO THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE! THEY'RE GONNA KNOCK HIM OUT AND LOCK HIM UP IN THE HOUSE! THEN THEY INTEND TO CAPTURE THE GUARD IN THE DAM TOWER AND RELEASE ALL THE WATER SO IT'LL OVERFLOW AND FLOOD MIKE'S HOUSE!



DIG DIRT, TONY! IF WE DON'T GET BACK IN TIME, THOSE CRAZY BUTLER BROTHERS WILL DROWN MIKE!



MEANWHILE.....

THE SHERIFF PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE TWO OF US WERE TOO MUCH FER HIM, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE CAUGHT HIM OFF GUARD! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE JUST DIDN'T SHOOT HIM!

SHUCKS, THAT WOULD'VE BIN TOO QUICK A DEATH FER HIM! THIS WAY HE'LL GIT A NICE LINGERING DEATH... DROWNING!



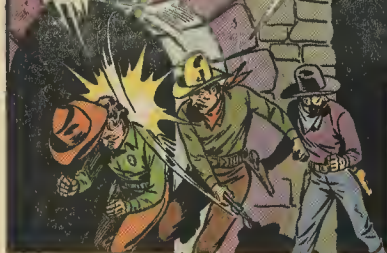
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER AT THE DAM TOWER

NOW NO NOISE, FRED! WE WANT TO KETCH THE GUARD AFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO REACH FER HIS GUN!



CONK!

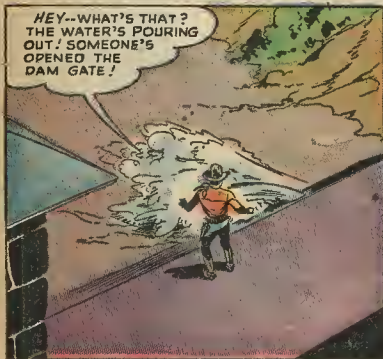
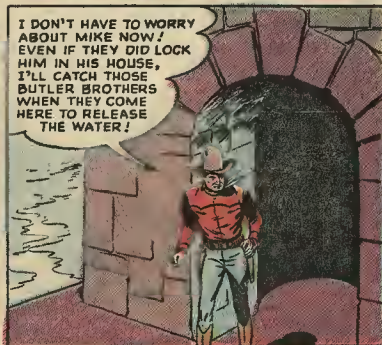
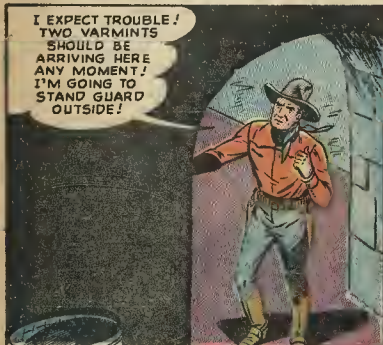
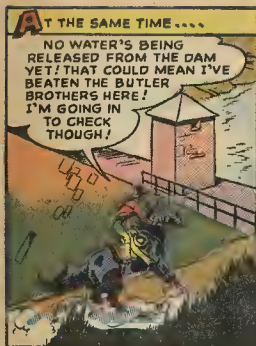
THAT DID IT! NOW LET'S THROW HIS BODY INTO THAT BARREL OVER THAR!



LET'S GIT UP TO THE CONTROL ROOM SO WE KIN RELEASE ALL THE WATER IN THE DAM!

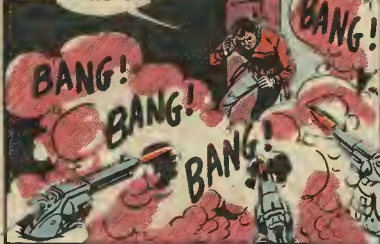


COWBOY WESTERN

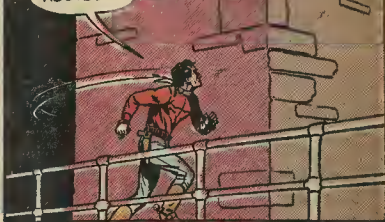


COWBOY WESTERN

FROM WHERE THEY ARE
I MAKE A PERFECT TARGET!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUTSIDE
AND FIGURE OUT SOME
OTHER WAY TO REACH
THE WATER CONTROL
TOWER!



THAT WINDOW ON THIS SIDE
OF THE TOWER LEADS TO A
ROOM ABOVE THE CONTROL
ROOM! IF I CAN CLIMB UP
THERE, I CAN CATCH THEM
OFF GUARD! THEY'LL
NEVER EXPECT AN
ATTACK FROM
ABOVE!



GOOD--
I'M HALF
WAY UP!



MADE
IT!



BUT AS TOM STARTS TO CLIMB
THROUGH....

(GULP!)
I LOST
MY GRIP!



AND MIX CRASHES HEAD FIRST
TO THE FLOOR, KNOCKING
HIMSELF OUT!



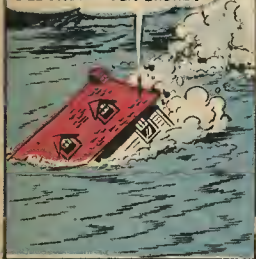
MEANWHILE, MIKE SHAW HAS
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...

MY HEAD MUST
STILL BE SPINNING
'ROUND! I KEEP
IMAGINING THE
HOUSE IS FLOATING
ON WATER!



COWBOY WESTERN

I'M NOT IMAGINING ANYTHING!
THE DAM WATERS HAVE FLOODED
THE VALLEY! THE WATER'LL BE
POURING IN HERE ANY MOMENT!
WITH THESE ROPES ON ME
I'LL DROWN FER SHORE!



MEANWHILE, TOM ALSO HAS
SNAPPED OUT OF HIS
UNCONSCIOUS STATE....

MIKE SHAW SHOULD
BE DROWNING LIKE
A RAT BY NOW!



YEAH! AND
OUR BULLETS
MUST'VE
FINISHED MIX
OFF! NO SIGN
OF HIM BEING
'ROUND!

YOU'RE HEARING
FROM ME RIGHT
NOW!



POW! BAM!



GLOUT! WHAM!



I'LL LET
THE LAW TAKE
CARE OF
YOU LATER!

CLOSED

RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO
CLOSE THE DAM GATE
AND SEE WHAT I CAN
DO ABOUT SAVING
MIKE---

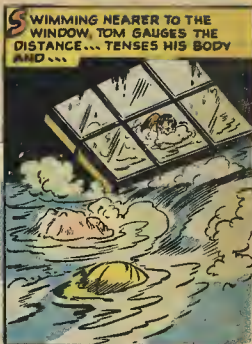
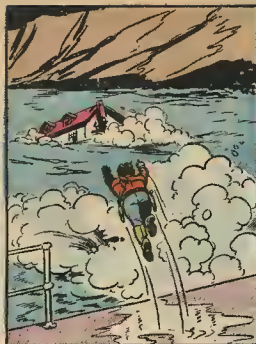
CLOSED OPEN



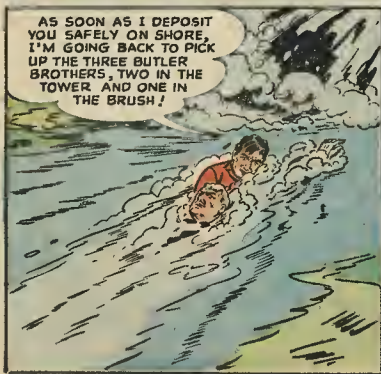
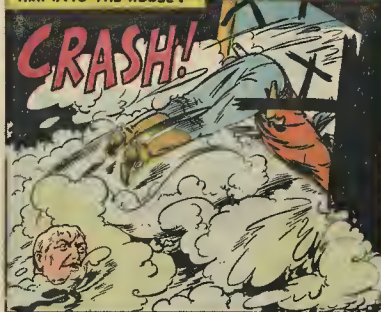
--IF IT ISN'T
TOO LATE!



COWBOY WESTERN

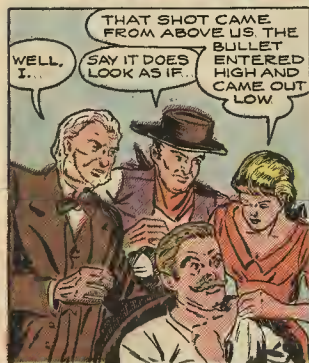
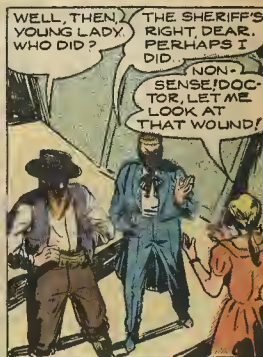
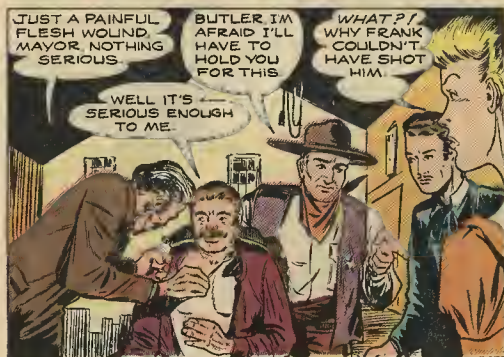
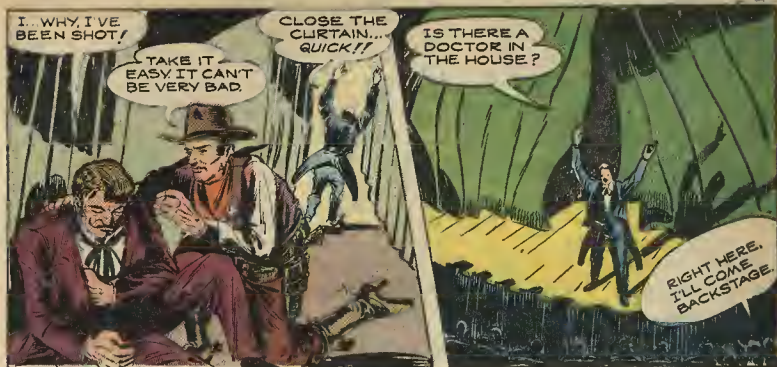


...PERFORMS A PERFECT BACK FLIP THAT CARRIES HIM INTO THE HOUSE!

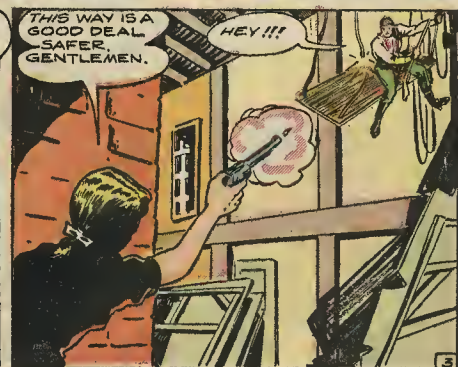
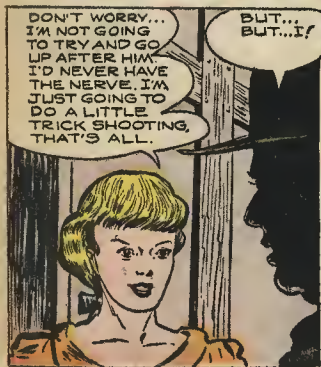




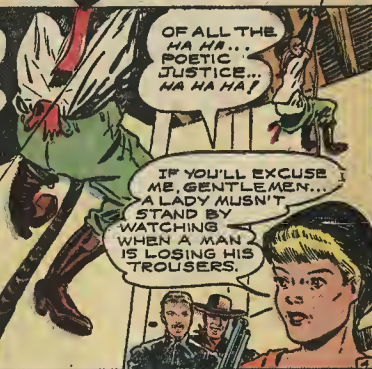
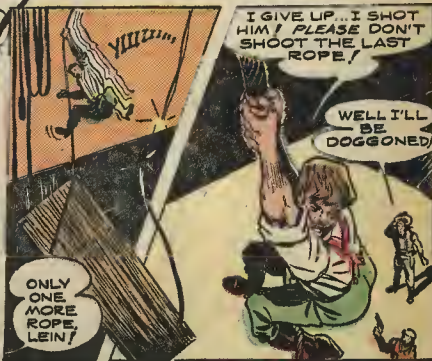
COWBOY WESTERN



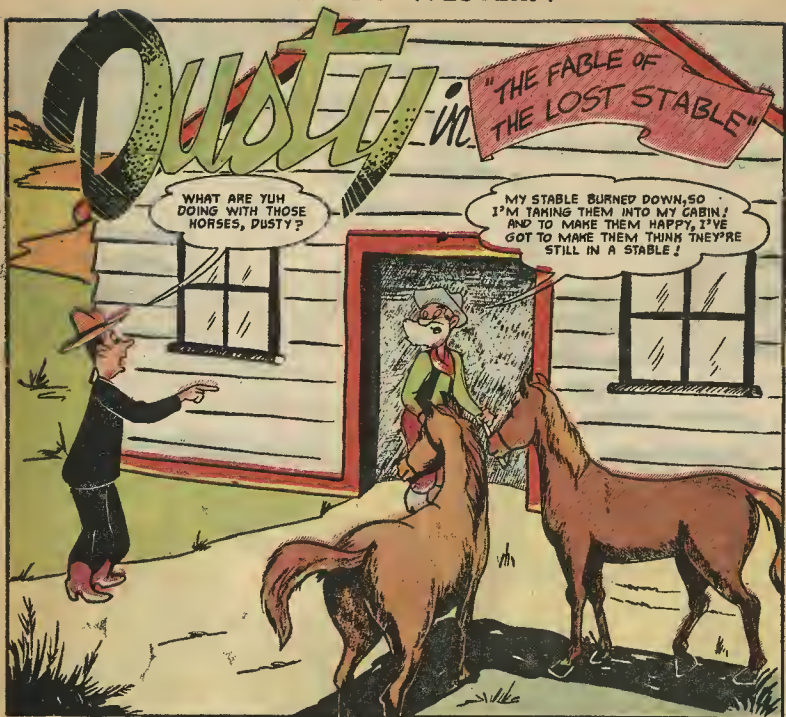
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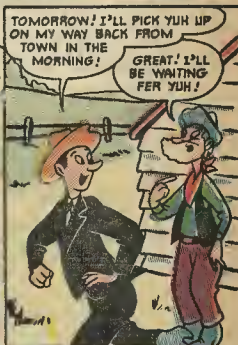
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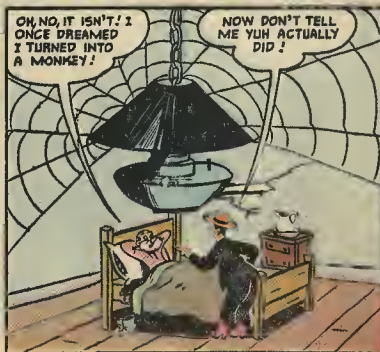
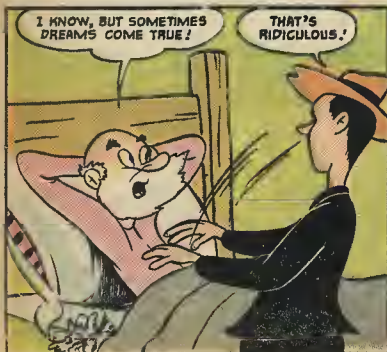
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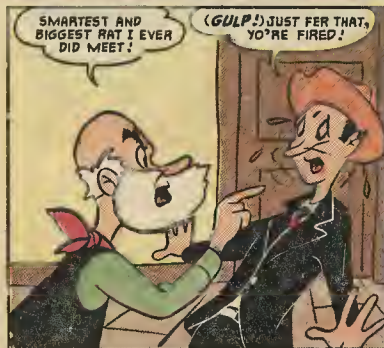
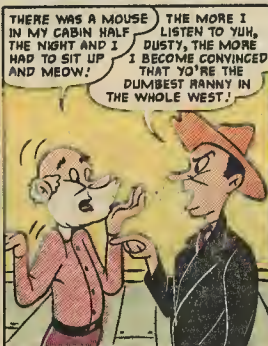
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



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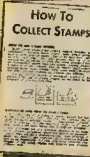
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